CY-GOR®

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02
DIGITAL
EDITION

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FIRE IN MIND.2

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CY-GOR®

SUMMARY Behind the eyes, his mind still functions. Cy-Gor relives a jumble of memories while being transported on the Long Island Expressway. His captors think he's dead, but his brain stimulates his body and he breaks free. It takes an air-to-surface missile to bring him down; yet even with his body half destroyed, his mind continues to work. Gregor, a performing monkey is killed by the same people who have captured Cy-Gor, while Fatima, the gypsy woman who owns the little monkey, has a terrible vision about Gregor's fate.

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"ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE!"

AS THEY PASSED THE FIRST BUOY, MARKING ENTRY INTO THE DISTORTION ZONE, THE PILOT'S ANNOUNCEMENT WAS DEAD-PAN; EVEN CYNICAL.

BUT AS REALITY DISSOLVED IN THE PSYCHO-CORROSIVE MISTS, WARNER ZEVON DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS EXPERIENCING...

IMAGINARY PHANTASMS... OR INVADERS FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION?

HIS BOSS HAD WARNED HIM. SAID WHAT REALLY HAPPENED IN THE FOG WAS SUBJECT TO INTENSE DEBATE OVER ON THE ISLANDS.

AND HE TRUSTED MORT. EVERYBODY DID.

MORT NEVER PLAYED FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE TRUTH.

GUESS OUR NEWBIE GOT A KICK OUT OF HIS FIRST PASS THROUGH THE ZONE! HE'S HAVIN' A LIQUID BELLY LAUGH...

KAFFGAFF...

SAVE IT FOR SUPPER, WARNER. YOU'RE GONNA MISS THE FINAL APPROACH INTO NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO...

I'M TELLIN' YA, BUDDY -- THE VIEW FROM UP HERE IS TO DIE FOR.
WELCOME TO THE BIGGEST, BADDEST SKELETON IN UNCLE SAM'S CLOSET, WARNER.
HOW'D YOU LIKE THE JUMP OVER THE HUMP ONTO NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO?
OOOH, MORT -- I THINK WE TOOK A WRONG TURN AT ALBUQUERQUE!
IT'S THE DISTORTION FOG -- ROUGH ON FIRST-TIMERS, BUT IT KEEPS OUR LITTLE SKUNK WORKS SAFE FROM PRYING EYES.
COME ON INSIDE. YOU DON'T WANT TO BREATH TOO DEEPLY OUT HERE.
IT'S SAD, BUT WHEN YOU RUN AN ADVANCED WEAPONRY TESTING COMPLEX, A TOXIC ENVIRONMENT GOES WITH THE TERRITORY.
I'M FLABBERGASTED! I HAD NO IDEA THERE WAS A CHAIN OF ISLANDS RIGHT OFF THE COAST OF BROOKLYN!
THERE WASN'T. AND COME THIS TIME TOMORROW, THERE WON'T BE.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN...?
I MEAN WE'VE GOT TO REANIMATE OUR SIM BEFORE THEY LIFT ANCHOR! COME ON, EVERYTHING WE NEED IS IN HERE...

AS SOON AS WE GOT THE BODY IN, I INJECTED ALL MAJOR ORGANS WITH FRESH STEM CELLS. THOSE GOOBERS HAVE OUTRAGEOUS REGENERATIVE POWERS.

IF THE CITIZENS EVER FIND OUT WE'VE THE MEANS TO MAKE THEM NEARLY IMMORTAL, THERE'LL BE A REVOLUTION!

I BET! BUT -- WHERE IS EVERYTHING? I WAS EXPECTING TO SEE TEAMS OF SURGEONS AND OPERATING ROOMS AND...

YOU'VE HEARD OF DESKTOP PUBLISHING? WE CALL IT DESKTOP SURGERY.

THE DAYS WHEN WE PAID SOME BUTCHER LIKE FREDERICK WILLHEIM TO TOIL AWAY IN FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE ARE LONG GONE.

NOW EVERYTHING'S JUST POINT AND CLICK.

'PRE-PROGRAMMED COMBAT STRATEGIES.'

"NOW -- THE GOAL OF PROJECT SIM IS TO CREATE THE MEANS TO FULFILL COVERT MILITARY OBJECTIVES IN FAR-FLUNG LANDS.

"SO WE ENHANCE BATTLEFIELD PERFORMANCE WITH A COMPLETE AUTO FUNCTIONING LIBRARY OF STRATEGY AND TACTICS.

"THE STEM CELLS ALREADY GIVE HIM A RECUPERATIVE EDGE IF HE'S WOUNDED, BUT WHAT IF HIS CYBERNETICS GET SHOT UP?

"LET'S ADD AN INSTINCTUAL ABILITY TO ANALYZE ANY DAMAGE AND REPAIR HIMSELF, OR OTHER DEVICES, IN THE FIELD.

'MECHANICAL APTITUDE ENHANCEMENT.'

JEEZ -- I NEVER THOUGHT SOMETHING SO COMPLEX COULD BE SO EASY!

WONDERS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY, WARNER! THE HARD PART'S WORKING THROUGH ALL THE BUREAUCRATIC INFIGHTING THAT GOES WITH IT.

RUNNING PROTOTYPES LIKE PROJECT SIM ARE CONSIDERED PLUM ASSIGNMENTS IN THE U.S.S.G. HAD TO DODGE A LOT OF BULLETS TO GET HERE!

MORT -- THIS THING WE'RE CREATING... IT'LL BE A DANGEROUS SON- OF-A-BITCH TO HAVE RUNNING AROUND.

WHAT IF IT GETS LOOSE?

FIRST RULE OF GOVERNMENT SERVICE IS 'COVER YOUR ASS', SON. YOU'RE TALKING TO AN EXPERT!

THE SECOND RULE OF GOVERNMENT SERVICE IS 'TRY AND DO THE JOB RIGHT'.

WE WANT HIM TO BE SELF-DIRECTED, BUT WE BUILD IN THE ABILITY TO CONTROL THE SIM, WHEREVER HE IS -- JUST IN CASE.

AUTO-DESTRUCT

MASTER OVERRIDE

AND THE THIRD RULE?

'ALWAYS CARRY THE INSURANCE'. CAUSE SOMETIMES YOU HIT AN ICEBERG, THE RUDDER BUSTS AND YOU'RE COMPLETELY LOST AT SEA.

YOU'VE HITCHED THE STEERING UP BACKWARDS, UNCLE SASA!

WHEN I TURN RIGHT WE GO LEFT, AND WHEN I TURN LEFT WE GO RIGHT!

THE ONLY WAY WE SHOULD TURN IS BACK TO SHORE BEFORE WE END UP LIKE GREGOR -- DINNER FOR SOME BARRACUDA!

THIS OLD TUB HASN'T BEEN SEAWORTHY SINCE BEFORE I WAS BORN! PLEASE, FATIMA -- GIVE IT UP. YOUR LITTLE MONKEY FRIEND IS DEAD AND GONE.

Do not touch SASA

GREGOR'S ALIVE IN THAT FOG -- I'VE SEEN HIM SUFFERING. AND LOOK! SEED PODS ON THE BREEZE!

MAYBE THOSE SECRET POLICE BASTARDS HAVE THEIR HUSH-HUSH TORTURE ISLAND OUT HERE SOMEPLACE?

I'M NO SAILOR, BUT I KNOW THERE AREN'T ANY ISLANDS IN THIS AREA! AND IF WE HEAD INTO THIS PEA SOUP WE'LL NEVER COME OUT ALIVE!

YOU JUST KEEP BAILING, SASA. I WILL HEED THE GIFT...

MY INNER SIGHT WILL GUIDE US TO GREGOR...

...WHEREVER THE MONSTERS HAVE TAKEN HIM.

SASA -- SOMETHING'S RISING FROM THE SEA! WHAT IS IT?

I-I DON'T KNOW, FATIMA -- I'VE ONLY SEEN SUCH CREATURES ON HBO!

BUT WHATEVER IT IS, I THINK WE HAVE ITS BROTHER DOWN HERE IN THE BILGE!

THIS FOG IS CURSED! FOR GOD'S SAKE, TURN THE BOAT AROUND, FATIMA. I BEG YOU!

LAND MINES -- JUST LIKE THE ONES THAT TOOK SO MANY IN MY HOMELAND! IF THEY TOUCH ME I'LL BE KILLED OR MAIMED!

BUT THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE! IT'S... IT'S...

...NOT REAL.

SASA! IT'S A TRICK! WHAT WE'RE SEEING ISN'T THERE! SOMEONE'S DOING THIS TO US! AFFECTING OUR MINDS SOMEHOW!

TELL ME WHO CREATED THIS DEVIL I'VE GOT BREATHING DOWN MY NECK?

MAYBE WHOEVER'S PLUGGED INTO THE OTHER END OF THAT.

LOTS OF ENERGY HERE, MORT, BUT THIS PLACE IS KIND OF A SHOCK. ALL THE JUNK AND WIRES STRUNG EVERYWHERE...

THE COLD WAR WAS DIRTY BUSINESS, WARNER. PROJECTING GLOBAL POWER IS HARD ON THE FLORA AND FAUNA.

NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO WAS BUILT ON THE FLY. I DON'T THINK ANYONE REALLY KNOWS WHAT'S BURIED HERE OR HOW A LOT OF IT WORKS ANYMORE...

AS LONG AS THE LIGHTS WORK AND THE TOILETS FLUSH, I'M A HAPPY CAMPER.

LISTEN UP... WE'RE JUST GETTING TO THE MOST CRITICAL OPERATION ON OUR SIM. THIS IS THE ONE WE DON'T WANT TO SCREW UP LIKE WILHEIM DID...

PRIMATE

HUMAN

HE SPENT MILLIONS PROGRAMMING THIS POOR SLOB KONIECZNY'S PERSONALITY INTO THE SIM THEN MAPPED HIM OUT AT 80% GORILLA.

I THINK WE'LL REVERSE THOSE PERCENTAGES. I MEAN, SURE, GORILLAS CAN BE VERY FIERCE...

BUT NOT HALF AS FIERCE AS YOUR AVERAGE MAN OR WOMAN ON THE STREET.

HUMANS CONTEND WITH COMPLEX SITUATIONS MUCH MORE CREATIVELY.

WHAT A BURNER! DAMN THING'S CRASHED AT THE WORST POSSIBLE MOMENT!

NOW WE WON'T KNOW WHAT THE SIM'S HUMAN-TO-GORILLA RATIO IS SET AT!

I DOUBT THE PROBLEM'S WITH THE FUSION REACTOR. I BET IT'S THE WIRING INFRASTRUCTURE. SAME THING HAPPENED A COUPLE YEARS BACK...

A DERELICT SHIP RAN INTO ONE OF THE DISTORTION FIELD BUOYS AND BLEW HALF THE CIRCUITS IN THE WHOLE JERRY-RIGGED MESS!

LOOKS LIKE THE POWER'S DOWN ACROSS THE WHOLE ISLAND. THEY MUST HAVE A BACK-UP SYSTEM, RIGHT?

WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY. COVER BOTH ENDS IN CASE THIS COMES BACK TO BITE US. I'LL MAKE THE FACE TIME WITH THE BIG BOYS...

YOU RUN DOWN TO THE LAB AND CHECK ON THE SIM. GOT YOUR CELL-PHONE?

ALWAYS.

UNTIL THE POWER GOES BACK UP IT'S THE ONLY COM-LINK WE'VE GOT. WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T WASTE THE BATTERY!

I'LL BE TOPSIDE BLOWING SUNSHINE UP A FEW ROYAL BUTTS.

GOTCHA -- I'LL RIDE HERD ON CY-GOR AND CALL YOU WITH A STATUS REPORT.

MORT...? WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM...

I KNOW -- ACCOUNTS OF A GORILLA RUNNING AMOK ARE ALREADY COMING IN. FORTUNATELY, THE BIG BOYS' PLATES ARE FULL WITH THE POWER FAILURE.

WARNER, WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR SIM BACK IN THE BARN BEFORE THEY PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER.

THERE'S A SEARCH AND DESTROY TEAM FORMING -- YOU'RE GOING TO BE ON IT!

JOIN US? UHH... YOU NEW HERE OR JUST CAME FROM A PARTY MAYBE OR...?

IT'S MY FIRST DAY ON THE ARCHIPELAGO. SECOND WITH THE PROJECT, THOUGH...

AHH! SO YOU'RE THE EXPERT THEY WARNED ME ABOUT. I'M ROOT. MAYBE YOU CAN FILL ME IN ON A FEW DETAILS ABOUT THIS SIM-THING...?

LIKE, WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO MAKE OF THESE REPORTS OF HIM CARRYING A LITTLE SPIDER MONKEY IN ONE HAND WHILE HE'S BUSTING HEADS WITH THE OTHER?

LUCKY FIND HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND IN DEATH SMELL LAB.

WAKEY WAKEY. HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND.

EGGS'N BAKEY.

NOT WAKEY. HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND BROKE LEAKING. MAYBE FIX EM UP LIKE DEATH SMELL DOCTORS DO ME.

BUT MORE BETTER.

ENGINE ROARS.

SOLDIERS WANNA TAKE HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND AWAY?

WHEELS TURN.

OKAY, MISTER EXPERT. I NEED TO KNOW WHAT WE'RE CHASING OUT HERE. JUST A DUMBO GORILLA ON THE LOOSE, RIGHT..?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, ROOT.

THE SIM HAS SPECIAL, UM... ABILITIES, LIKE. ALL HUSH HUSH OF COURSE

I GETCHA. YOU SHOULD SEE SOME OF THE FREAKY THINGS WE GET SENT OUT TO CORRAL.

USUALLY, THERE'S THE ISLAND-WIDE SECURITY NET TO HELP TRACK 'EM DOWN. BUT WHEN THE POWER'S OUT, WE FALL BACK ON TALENT.

I'LL CALL MY BOSS. SEE HOW LONG IT'S GOING TO BE...

WARNER -- HOW'S IT LOOKIN'? NOTHING YET, HUH? YUP...YUP. GOT THE BIG BOYS ALL LATHERED UP. NO PROBLEM-O.

NOPE. NO WORD ON WHEN THE POWER WILL BE RESTORED. MASTER OVERIDE'S USELESS UNTIL THEN. YUP...SAME WITH THE AUTO DESTRUCT. YUP...YUP.

EYES AND EARS. YOU TOO, MISTER EXPERT.

DON'T WANT TO LOSE YOU IN ONE OF THESE UNDERGROUND TESTING SHAFTS. WHO KNOWS WHAT GOT POURED DOWN 'EM?

WE KNOW THE GENERAL AREA HE HEADED IN, BUT WE CAN'T TAKE THE VEHICLE ANY FURTHER. YEAH... GOING IN ON FOOT. YEAH...

OKAY, BOYS AND GIRLS. WE'RE LOCKIN' AND LOADIN'.

I BETTER GET OFF... DON'T WANT TO WASTE THE BATTERY. YEAH... CALL ME AS SOON AS THE POWER GOES UP. RIGHT. I WILL... RIGHT. SEE YA, MORT.

HEY, GUYS -- I GOT A JOKE FOR YA!

"HOW COME GORILLAS GOT BIG NOSTRILS?"

I DUNNO, AL... "WHY DO GORILLAS GOT BIG NOSTRILS?"

'CAUSE THEY GOT BIG FINGERS...AAOWNNTCH!

OH, YEAH? WELL, "WHAT KIND OF SOUND DOES A BANANA MAKE WHEN A GORILLA PEELS IT?"

AWWGHH! NAAAUGHHHWW! NAOOOWGH!

OH. YOU HEARD THAT ONE ALREADY, EH, AL...?

AL...?

JEZZUZ -- WHAT HAPPENED TO AL?

I DUNNO -- BUT HE NEEDS HELP, PRONTO!

EXPERT! CALL IN THE MEDICS ON YOUR CELL-PHONE!

I... I...

I CAN'T. IT ONLY HAS ENOUGH OF A CHARGE FOR A COUPLE MORE CALLS.

I-I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR BUDDY, BUT I'M EXPECTING SOME REALLY IMPORTANT MESSAGES FROM MY BOSS...

THEY'RE ABOUT THE SIM...

HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND NEED MORE BETTER FIX'EM UP. HOW DO IT?

OPEN PROGRAM>BIO-MECHANICAL APTITUDE ENHANCEMENT>

I'LL FIX YOUR ASS GOOD IF YOU DON'T GIMME THAT PHONE, DICKWAD!

I GOT A MAN DYING HERE!

ROOT -- MY ORDERS ARE TO STICK WITH THE PROGRAM!

PLUG 'EM UP. STITCH 'EM UP.

REFERENCE>FIELD SURGICAL TECHNIQUES> RUN: WOUND ANALYSIS AND REPAIR>

THE DEPARTMENT OVERSPENT OUR BUDGET ON THIS SIM. IF I LOSE HIM, THE PROJECT'S D.O.A.

IF AL CROAKS, YOU'RE GONNA LOSE MORE THAN YOUR MIRACLE MONKEY, MISTER EXPERT!

FIX 'EM UP. FIND GOOD STUFF.

REFERENCE>CYBERNETIC REPLACEMENT COMPONENTS>RUN: DESIGN ANALYSIS AND HARDWARE ACQUISITION>

HOW DO I USE THIS DAMNED NEWFANGLED, HIGH TECH... HUH?

IT'S RINGING. IT'S, UH... FOR ME.

MORT, HI -- YEAH... NO, HAVEN'T FOUND HIM YET... POWER WILL BE UP ANY MINUTE? THAT'S GOOD NEWS. SO, WHAT'S THE PLAN?

STAY ON HIS TRAIL? AS SOON AS THE JUICE COMES ON YOU'LL ACTIVATE THE MASTER OVERRIDE? SOUNDS GREAT. YEAH... YEAH...

HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND SOON HAPPY AGAIN.
CLOSE PROGRAM>BIO-MECHANICAL APTITUDE ENHANCEMENT<
UNLESS SOLDIERS HERE MAKE HAPPY MONKEY FRIEND SAD.
OPEN PROGRAM>STRATEGY AND TACTICS>

WILL YOU PLEASE TELL HIM TO CALL IN THE MEDIVAC FOR CHRISSAKES?

THE PLAN'S SIMPLE, ROOT. WE LOCATE THE SIM, MY BOSS THROWS THE MASTER OVERRIDE, AND WE BRING HIM HOME.

LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY.

TELL IT TO AL WAITIN' BACK THERE WITH CHUCK FOR THE CHOPPER. TOP OF HIS HEAD'S GONE, MAN.

COUNT 'EM. ONE. TWO. THREE SOLDIERS.

REFERENCE: SMALL PATROL>SMALL ARMS> RUN: DIVIDE AND INTIMIDATE>

NOTHING'S EASY ON NO MAN'S ARCHIPELAGO. ME AND MY BOYS'VE CHASED DOWN ENOUGH LOONEY TUNES TO KNOW WHEN NOT TO RELAX OUT HERE.

RIGHT, JOEY?

JOEY...?

AWW MAN! I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I LOST ANOTHER ONE!

JOEY! JOOOOEEEYY! WHERE ARE YA?

HE MIGHT NOT BE LOST. I MEAN...THE SIM IS PROGRAMMED TO TAKE OUT ANY OPPONENTS...

SO WHAT HAVE YOU GUYS BEEN BUILDING BACK THERE? THE ROMMEL OF GORILLAS?

HE'S KIND OF MEANT TO BE AN ULTIMATE SOLDIER. SOMETHING WE CAN SEND INTO PLACES WHERE REGULAR TROOPS CAN'T GO.

WAIT -- I THINK I FOUND HIM.

YUP. IT'S THE SIM.

COULDN'T HAPPEN TO A NICER GUY.

HE WENT THIS WAY. DRAGGING A MAN. C'MON -- WE'RE GOING IN THERE TO FIND JOEY.

WAIT, WAIT -- WE DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING. THE LIGHTS ARE COMING ON ALL OVER THE ISLAND.

I DON'T CARE ABOUT LIGHTS. I GOT A BUDDY IN THERE. COME ON!

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WITH THE POWER UP, MY BOSS CAN MAKE THE SIM COME TO US.

SHH! SOMETHING'S OVER THERE IN THE CORNER...

LET ME GET MY FLASHLIGHT...

WE BUILT A MASTER OVERRIDE INTO THE SIM. GIVES US COMPLETE CONTROL. JUST POINT AND CLICK ON THE COMPUTER AND HE'S LIKE A PUPPET.

LOOK -- THERE HE IS! JOEY! HEY -- YOU OKAY?

THE CHIP MAKES THE APE DO ANYTHING WE WANT. IN FACT, MY BOSS IS PROBABLY ACTIVATING IT RIGHT NOW!

THAT'S GREAT. I'M IMPRESSED. REALLY. BUT I GOT MY BUDDY TO TAKE CARE OF.

JOEY? YER WALKIN' FUNNY. Y'ALRIGHT, KIDDO?

JOEY...? MAN -- WHAT DID THEY DO TO YA...?

THE MASTER OVERRIDE CHIP! SOMEBODY TOOK IT OFF THE SIM AND...

BUT WHO COULD HAVE...?

CY-GOR DONE IT!

YOU'RE THE EXPERT! WHAT DO WE DO?

CALL MY BOSS. JUST HOPE THERE'S JUICE LEFT...

IT'S RINGING. COME ON. PICK UP. PICK UP!

MORT! THANK GOD! LISTEN -- NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. YOU'VE GOT TO USE THE AUTO DESTRUCT. UNDERSTAND? KILL THE SIM IMMEDIATELY!

SHIT -- THE CHOPPER'S GONE. HUM-VEE'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

I KNOW IT'S AN EXPENSIVE PIECE OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY. I KNOW THAT!

HE'S RIGHT BEHIND US, MORT. HE'S GONNA KILL US! FOR GOD'S SAKE PUSH THE BUTT...

...ON?

ALL DONE SOLDIERS.

CLOSE PROGRAM>STRATEGY AND TACTICS<

ALL SAFE LITTLE MONKEY FRIEND.

ONE THING TO DO MAKE LITTLE MONKEY FRIEND MORE HAPPY.

IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE HOW THE LIGHT HAS DISAPPEARED FROM YOUR EYES, FATIMA.

WHEN THE ENGINE DIED, SO DID MY HOPE OF EVER FINDING MY GREGOR.

HE WAS THE LAST LINK TO MY FAMILY IN THE OLD COUNTRY. NOW? I HAVE NOTHING.

AT LEAST WE DRIFTED FREE OF THAT CRAZY FOG. WE MUST KEEP OUR FAITH. AND MOVE ON. IT IS THE GYPSY WAY.

YES, I KNOW. I'M SUPPOSED TO BELIEVE IN MIRACLES. BUT WHY IS THERE NEVER A MIRACLE WHEN YOU REALLY NEED ONE, SASA?

BY THE BLACK MADONNA -- LOOK!

IS IT ANOTHER TRICK OF THEIR CURSED MIST, SASA? TELL ME IT ISN'T!

I SEE IT TOO. IT'S A MIRACLE, FATIMA. GOD HAS SENT US MIRACLE!

GREGOR -- OH, GREGOR! IT'S YOU! IT'S REALLY YOU!

SPEAK TO ME, MY LITTLE MONKEY! SPEAK!

EEEPTCHLNK EEEPTCHLNK?

LITTLE MONKEY FRIEND MAYBE RIGHT ABOUT THESE HUMANS.

SO HAPPY TO HAVE MONKEY FRIEND BACK THEY SCREAM.

AND SCREAM.

AND SCREAM.

SO HOW'D IT GO, SPORT?

HE YELLED A LOT. SAID HE'D NEVER REPRIMANDED ANYONE ON THEIR SECOND DAY ON THE JOB BEFORE.

STILL GOT YOUR CHERRY. THAT'S WHY I KNEW HE'D GO EASY ON YOU

IT'S DIFFERENT FOR OLD HANDS LIKE ME. I GOT ENEMIES WITH AXES TO GRIND IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

SO I DIDN'T LOSE MY JOB...

I JUST WISH I UNDERSTOOD WHY I HAD TO TAKE ALL THE RESPONSIBILITY...

CAUSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE KEEP THE PROJECT! AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!

ONCE WE FIND OUR RUNAWAY SIM, THAT IS.

YOU AND ME, WARNER. WE'RE GONNA BE ONE HELL OF A TEAM!

THIS IS YOUR CAPTAIN SPEAKING. AS WE PASS INTO THE DISTORTION ZONE I'D LIKE TO MAKE THE TRADITIONAL ANNOUNCEMENT...

"ABANDON HOPE, ALL YE WHO ENTER HERE."

SON OF ULTRON